

SUPPLEMENT TO THE 'EYANPAHA.'

FEBRUARY 1,

1897.

The group of Sisters on the first page represents the Congregation of American Sisters, established at Fort Berthold, Elbow Woods, P. O. N. Dakota.

(Rev. Father Craft has this to say)

The Congregation of American Sisters, the first religious order of Indians, was founded in 1891 by Rev. Mother Mary Catharine Piesanwanyakapi, a full blood Indian, the daughter of Joseph Crow-Feather (Kangi Wiyaka,) of the Hunkpapa tribe of the Dakotas. The purpose of the order is not to limit its labors to any one field, but to undertake any work found necessary among Indians, whites and other races. The Sisters, on entering the order, renounced tribal relations, and became citizens of the United States. In their work on Indian reservations, they conduct schools and hospitals, instruct the Indians in their homes, direct parish societies, attend the sick in their homes, as physicians, as well as nurses, and cooperate with Government and its officials in the work of Indian civilization. The order is incorporated under the laws of the State of North Dakota, under the legal title Congregation of American Sisters. The principle superiors of the order are; Rev. Mother Ligouri, C. A. S. Prioress General; Rev. M. Francis Regis, C. A. S. Assistant Prioress; Rev. Mother M. Bridget, C. A. S. Prioress of the Mother house; Rev. Mother M. Gertrude, C. A. S. Subprioress.

The great success so quickly attained by this order of Sisters, proves that Indians are equal to whites in intelligence and capability, & that they can, if they wish, by a determined effort, step at once from the transition state to progressive civilization. The secret of their success may be told in one word,—"American." When Indians,—the real Americans,—unite American energy and patriotism with Catholic faith, and work in union with their American Government and their American fellow-citizens, they cannot fail, and must succeed in every progressive work.

FORT TOTTEN.

It was a real pleasure for us to read and re-read the interesting letters from Rose Bud and Pine Ridge Schools in the January number.

It will be nothing new to tell you that we have had very cold, stormy weather here and many blizzards, as we suppose you have had your share also. The first of February was the same day of our good Sister Superioress and to our great delight was a very fine pleasant day, for we expected something extra. After offering her our greetings and good wishes for a happy feast day and partaking of a hearty dinner we enjoyed a glorious sleigh ride of twelve miles on the Lake. After our return we thanked the good Indians who procured us the pleasure by kindly bringing their teams. We continued to amuse ourselves with games till 9 P. M.

We hope the spring months will bring us more pleasure and especially, more interesting news from our school and reservation, to send to our South Dakota friends.

HOLY ROSARY MISSION: S. D.
Dec. 7, 1896.

Dea. Rev. Father Jerome:—

With the greatest pleasure I will today compose a little letter and tell you all the news that I know in this section of Pine Ridge Reservation.

Well I am glad to say that all inmates of the Mission are enjoying good health. Rev. Father Jutz who was the Superior of this school last year was called to Boston as Rector of Holy Trinity church, and now Rev. Father Bosch is conducting our institution. He is very kind and tries all he can to make us happy and content. He bought a rifle for the boys and my brother has one too, and so we go hunting in the woods sometimes. I shot three rabbits and six quails already and once I shot at a big fat prairie chicken; but I got so excited that I missed it. The good Sister cooks our game for

us which we relish very much. Two weeks ago we had very much snow but it has all melted and it is very muddy. Our sport coasting down the hills is at an end just now, but the skating is fine, the ice is nice and sleek and we have a jolly time in this way. There has been no wind for a while week. A very unusual occurrence on the prairie. The wind mills could not pump any water and so we had to get our water from the creek. Brother carpenter and a mason are digging a well in the Sisters' yard; they have reached water and so much that it has to be pumped out so that they can continue their work.

St. Joseph's and St. Mary's societies are getting along very well. They have meetings nearly every Sunday. I heard they are collecting money for Christmas. Several Indian women are being instructed and will soon receive holy Baptism and will join St. Mary's society. There is quite a number of members here today; for tomorrow is the feast of the Immaculate Conception and they are going to confession and to Holy Communion.

The chief of this camp, White Bird, was baptized lately, he has been sick for a long time. Rev. Father Lindbner baptized him, and thinks that he will not live many weeks any more. My aunt is very sick too, Rev. Father Bosch and I went to see her last Saturday.

At present we are rehearsing songs, and practicing dialogues for Christmas. Some of us play different instruments in a symphony which two girls accompany on the piano. I will play a March on the violin. I wish you could be present at our little entertainment.

We are all glad Christmas is near at hand. Oh! how beautiful it will look to see the images of our divine Savior in the cribs, stretching His little hands to us and reminding us of His boundless love. We expect nice Christmas presents, for two Sisters went to Omaha to buy some.

Dear Rev. Father, this is all I can think of; sending my best regards to the Eyanpaha and its readers.

I remain Your grateful boy,

J. R. COLLIER.

A MIRACULOUS CURE ON FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

IN Ober-Wesel, not far from Bingen on the Rhine, there lived a girl of thirteen years who, on account of a disease, had been unable to stand—much less walk, for nine teen months.

On July 26, 1867, she received holy Communion in the parish church. The sick child was driven there in a little carriage and was later carried to the Communion rail.

When, at the conclusion of the ceremony, her father went to take her by the arm to carry her home, she no longer needed his assistance, for another had helped her.

The little one stood in the middle of the church, healthy and sound, and raised a cry of joy such as the old walls had never yet heard. After a most fervent thanksgiving, in which all present united with God's favored child, she went home supported by her parents.

In the evening she no longer needed any help, but went out in the street alone. The whole city showed the most cordial interest in the happy family.

Thus God is pleased continually to perform miracles through the Most Holy Sacrament and in this way to manifest His love, and since He shows Himself so ready to heal even bodily evils, may we not expect everything from Him in the holy tabernacle.

A FIRST COMMUNICANT CONVERTS HER FATHER.

A pious girl was accepted for First Communion. Full of joy, she hastened home to her father and told him of her great happiness, adding: "Dear father, since so great a happiness awaits me I hope you, too, will grant me a favor."

"Most gladly, my dear child, will I do anything for you, only tell me what it is you desire of me."

"I will tell you," answered the child, "when you have promised me that you will do it."

"But," returned the father, "if the fulfilment of your wishes be not in my power—"

"Yes, yes, dear father, you can easily do it," said she.

Finally her Father gave the unconditional promise. "Dear father," continued she, in a childlike and affectionate manner, "dear father, you must make my happiness complete: you must go with me to Holy Communion. It is a long time since you have made your Easter duty; remember that you might die suddenly and then where would you go?"—"I will see about it," answered the surprised father.

"No, no, you have promised me, and you must keep your word; and I will not let this Lent, which is given us as a time of preparation, pass without insisting upon and praying for it; you must go with me!"

On his child's First Communion day, the father humbly knelt at the Communion rail, and after many years' absence once more received Holy Communion.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

Teresa Kruse, a ten year old girl of Uresberg, "Westphalen," had the misfortune to lose her speech and hearing during a severe sickness. All efforts of the doctor to cure her were fruitless. She had early been well instructed and now her knowledge could be increased only by the aid of signs, but partially by her slate.

A pious disposition displayed itself more and more in the child. In the meantime, Teresa, who had reached the age of 14, ardently longed for her First Communion, for which she carefully, yes, holily, prepared herself, and whereby she confidently hoped to obtain her cure. The great day, August 26, 1835, arrived. Her fervor was exemplary and affecting. When the Sacred Host touched her tongue, she heard the sound of the organ and said aloud: "My Lord and my God!"

Returning to her place, she fell upon her knees; tears of joy were flowing from her eyes, whilst the tones of the organ and the sweet singing sounded louder and more clearly in her ears.

When she left the church she greeted her companions and fell on

the neck of her parents and sister, weeping for joy, and exclaimed: "Dear father, dear mother!"

The multitude saw and heard what had taken place, and praised and thanked God.

THE CAT AND THE MONKEY.

A MONKEY one day stole some chestnuts and put them into the hot ashes and embers to roast; but when done, finding them too hot for him to touch, persuaded a cat to assist him in getting them out, promising half of the nuts. At first she declined; at last overcome by his persuasion, and tempted by the gain, she put her paw into the fire, and got out the chestnuts. But she burned herself very badly, and while she was lamenting over her misfortune, the cunning monkey gathered up all the nuts and ran off with them.

MORAL.—Never let wicked companions tempt you to do that which wrong, even with the prospect of gain; for nothing can repay you for the loss of a clear conscience. Your own knowledge of having committed a fault will hurt you as much as the fire did the poor cat.

Holy Rosary Mission,
S. D. Dec. 9, 1896.

Dear Rev. Father Jerome:—

Today I will write to you for the first time and I will tell you all about the Mission. Rev. Father Jutz left the Mission in July and when I heard it I was very sorry because I didn't see him before he went.

In the latter part of October we had a little picnic and we had a nice time. There are about twenty girls and seventy boys here. Rev. Mother Cecilia and a sister came here from Buffalo, and the girls and boys were all in the front yard to greet them, and she stayed here a week. November the twenty second we celebrated the feast of St. Cecilia and the choir girls had an extra lunch. Two girls named Cecilia and I braked with us.

We also had a nice time on Thanksgiving-day and in the evening they showed pictures in the hall. Yesterday we celebrated the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and some girls and women and men went to Holy Communion. Dear Rev. Father, I can not tell you much, so I will close wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. That is all I have to say for this time.

I remain

Your loving friend

JESSIE JUMPING EAGLE.

{ Holy Rosary Mission,
S. D. Dec. 9th 1896.

Dear Rev. Father Jerome:—

As we have not written to you for a long time, I thought I would write a few lines to you today. We are all well at the Mission, and I hope you are the same. I will first tell you about the Congress. There were many people here. Our Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty, Rev. Father D'gmann, Father Zahn and two Fathers from Standing Rock, Father Francis and Father Bernard were here too. Many people went to confession and received Holy Communion and many were confirmed. It was a grand sight to see the people go to Holy Communion. Our Chapel was too small for them all. It was very lonesome here after all the people went home again. Rev. Father Jutz went to Boston and Rev. Father Bosch is here at Holy Rosary Mission now. Rev. Father Superior from Buffalo was here not very long ago and Ven. Mother Cecilia from Buffalo came to visit us too, and we had a little entertainment for her. We are going to have a nice time at Christmas. I will now close my letter with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, dear Rev. Father.

I remain

Your affectionate child
LIZZIE COLROPE.

GOOD-BY DEGREES.

DO you think you can be very good all in a minute, even though you have asked God to forgive you your sins, and to send you help to do better?

There is such a thing as growth in goodness as in plants; and if you really want to be a strong young tree in the garden of the Lord, you must be content to pass through many stages, and wait for many suns and many showers, and even then you have not yet reached your full size.

Do you understand me? You can be a little good directly, for you can try to be good. But do not be disappointed if you fail or sit down to say rebelliously, "I have tried, and I was good for a little while, and now I am naughty again, so it is no use praying or trying any more."

Such thoughts are always sent by the wicked one to discourage you. He wants you to give up goodness altogether. He hates to see you trying ever so little.

Rather lift up your head after a fit of naughtiness and say: "I am still a little plant in God's garden, and although my leaves are soiled with sin and earthly cares, He can wash them with His shower, and brighten them with His sun. If I only look up to Him and do not despair and sink still deeper into the earth,"

"But I want to be very good, a very strong young tree in God's garden," says some hopeful child.

Well, it is a good wish, only remember, to hurry! The best fruit takes the longest to ripen; and remember, you are happier than the fruit, in that you can help on your growth by meekly bending your head under the showers of God's correction and thanking Him for the sun of His love.

Fort Totten, North Dakota,
February, 9th. 1897;—Isidore Mniyo. Inyan Conkaske etanhan wowapi kaga wandakapi, de on tokata March wi kin en onspewakiye kta. Dehan okan sui.

EYANPAHA.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MATILDA had a very hasty and passionate temper. Her mother endeavored in vain to correct this disposition, which seemed rather to increase in impetuosity.

One day she was sitting at her work, when her little brother came running in, and accidentally upset her work-box. At the sight of its contents rolling over the floor, Matilda rose from her seat, transported with anger; her eyes sparkling with fury, the veins, in her forehead became swollen, and her whole countenance seemed on fire. At this moment, her mother, who had seen her anger rise, stepped behind her and held a looking-glass before her face. Matilda started with fright at the sight of her distorted countenance; her anger ceased, and she burst out crying. "Do you now see," said her mother: "how frightful a thing anger is, and how hideous it makes the human figure? If you continue to indulge this passion, that terrible expression which frightened you so, just now, will soon become fixed on your face, which will lose every good feature."

Matilda took this lesson to heart, and when she was tempted to be angry, thought of 'the looking-glass. In time she became quite mild and gentle. Her excellent mother often said to her, "It is the same with other vices and virtues, besides those of anger and meekness; so that

"Our countenance shows what passes within.—
A fair face is often made ugly by sin."